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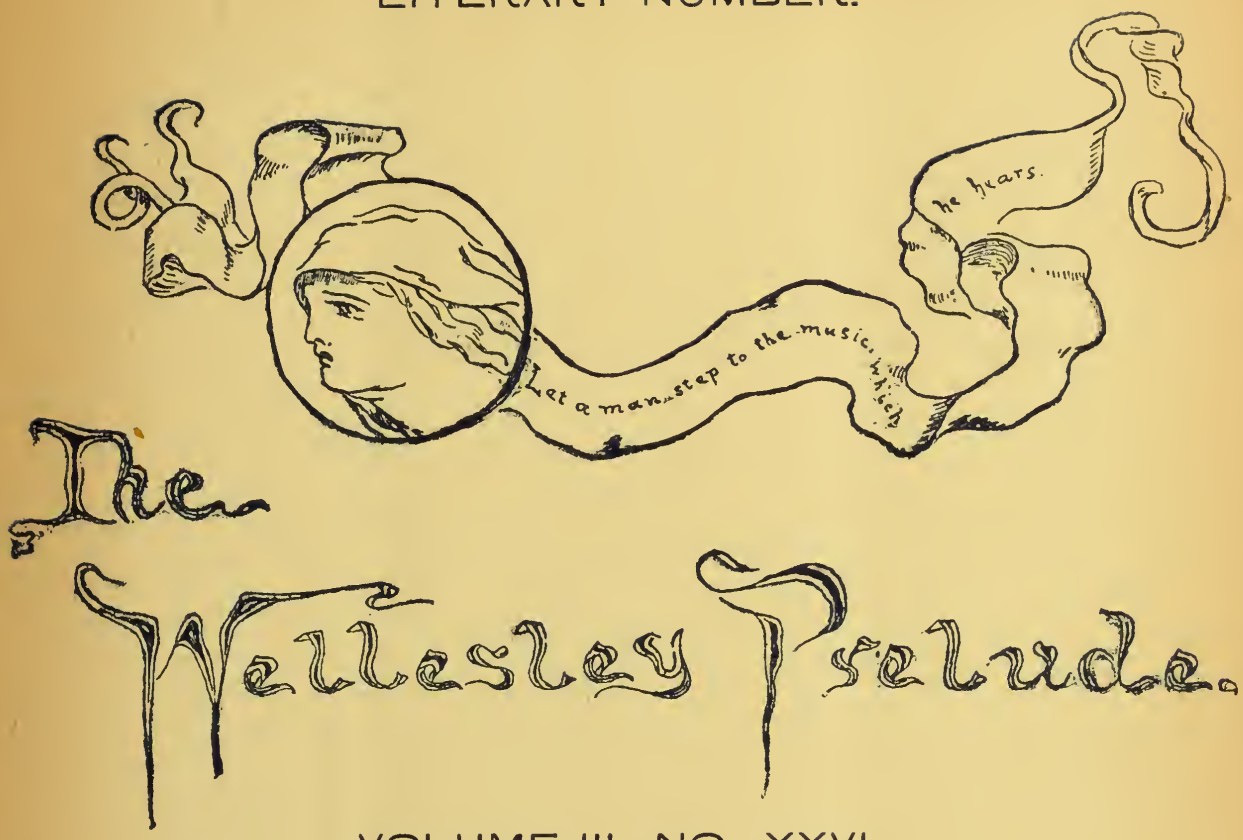

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APRIL 16, 1892.

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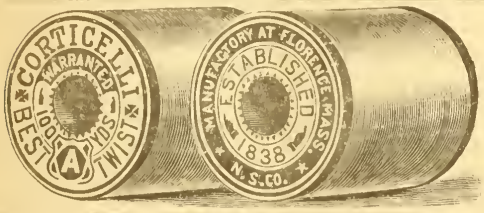

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MISS CAROLINE MUDGETT, SP.

All literary communications from the students of the college should be sent to the LITERARY EDITOR OF THE PRELUDE, through the PRELUDE box in the general office. Literary communications from outside the College should be directed to the Alumnæ Editor, Miss Annie Sybil Montague, Wellesley College Wellesley, Mass.

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EDITORIALS.

With the coming of spring, when the beautiful out-of-door world tempts one away from studies and books, the Wellesley maid begins to look longingly upon tennis court and sparkling lake, and to sigh for the time when boating and tennis may be possible. The long delay in marking the courts and putting the boats upon the lake seems unnecessary. The spring term is very short and the warm weather of May and June will soon make active exercise impossible. At present, however, the soft, fresh breezes and the coolness of the air make out-of-door sports very enjoyable, and, were the courts marked and the boats ready, the students would be only too eager to avail themselves of the privileges which they offer. Lake Waban smiles a constant invitation to try her smooth waters, and the necessary delay must be a sore trial to the student who enjoys a good row. The middle of April is none too soon for the boats to be ready or for practice on the tennis courts to begin, and it is a matter of regret that such enjoyable out-of-door exercise must be delayed until the warm weather makes it impossible.

Several of the classes intend to purchase new boats for their crews this spring. This step seems a hopeful indication of greater interest in athletics among the students, and it promises well for the success of our Float Day. The boats furnished by the College have long been subjects for ridicule on account of their size and weight, and our crews have labored under great disadvantages. No other college for women in the country can boast such a beautiful sheet of water as our Lake Waban, and of all out-door sports, rowing ought to be of supreme interest among us. At present it seems as if this would soon be the case. A great number of private boats have been put upon the lake during the past year, and if our crews are provided with light suitable boats we may look for a great increase in our boating interest and some truly fine work on Float Day. Perhaps under the more favorable conditions racing may become a possibility and, thus new impetus given to one branch at least of athletics.

The recent visit of Lady Somerset and Miss Frances Willard will be long remembered by the students. Wellesley has been especially favored this year in receiving many illustrious visitors, and in listening to the helpful words which they have spoken to the students. There are many advantages for a college in being situated near a large city, and one of the greatest is the opportunity for seeing and hearing those who have earned the praise and honor of the world. Wellesley is particularly fortunate in this respect, for the Boston guest is sure to visit the "College Beautiful" where a warm welcome is always ready.

A FRENCH GIRL'S PROGRAM.

In a very interesting article in the February *Atlantic* we are given a glimpse into the school life of a French girl, but the writer deals almost entirely with the convent schools and only touches lightly on the work of the public school. It is a common idea in this country that the greater part of the French girls are educated in convents and have little home-training. This last impression comes, perhaps, from the reports of foreigners, who because they have not been at once admitted to the jealously guarded home, have immediately inferred that real family life does not exist. It is true that many, especially from the upper classes, prefer to send their daughters to private schools, but a large proportion of the French women are educated in the primary school and lycée: and whatever may be said in regard to the convent training, for the public schools of French we have little but praise. Not only have the French given us educational reformers who have greatly influenced our theories of education, but they have worked out for us many practical problems whose solutions we are glad to accept.

Their schools are more directly under state supervision than ours, the courses of study and methods of instruction are worked out by the Ministers of Public Instruction and the appointment of teachers is more or less directly under their control. In this way uniformity is secured throughout the system of schools-which assures to the country pupil all the advantages of the city child.

The French girl is about twelve years old when she finishes the work of the primary departments, which include, of course, much more than our primary schools. She is then ready to enter the lycée. This is not a boarding school, although in large cities the students spend the whole day and receive their lunches there. It is supported by the government, but each pupil pays a merely nominal price of twenty or thirty francs a semester. Four years are spent in the *division inferieure*, three in *division superieure*. The courses pursued correspond in general to the work done in our High Schools and to part of the work in our colleges.

We who with difficulty drag ourselves to the class-room at nine o'clock, must pity our poor little French friends whose work begins at a quarter after seven in summer and an hour later in winter. Nor have they the relief of long vacations, for beside the rather short summer recess, they have only a few days at Christmas.

We may expect to find the national character reflected to some extent in the methods of public instruction, and the distinctly practical tendency of the French systems is exactly what we should look for.

It is said that mathematics and the sciences are almost, if not quite ignored in the convent education, but a lack similar to this may be found in our own private schools. Mathematics is as much a bug-bear to the American as to the French girl, and the rather flexible courses of study in many of our private institutions will permit the student to substitute literature or languages for the tiresome discipline of algebra or geometry. Not long ago I met a young woman of more than usual intelligence, who had travelled widely and who possessed a fine musical and literary taste, but she frankly confessed that she had never attended a public school, had never studied arithmetic and was obliged to trust to clerks to give her the right change.

But in the public schools there is no lack of mathematical instruction. Arithmetic, algebra and geometry are included in the curriculum. That we are obliged to spend more time on mathematics than they is our misfortune and their gain. While you and I be-dewed our pinafores with the saltest of tears in a vain

attempt to remember whether there were 144, or 55, or 640 acres in a square mile, little French Marie worked away contentedly, with no doubt as to how many centimeters made a decimeter or how many deciliters a liter. While we dangled our feet and stared helplessly around, hoping to see the greatest common divisor approach in bodily form, or at least an intelligible rule for finding it, Marie sat calmly working out her decimals. It is said that our remarkable, "Compound Numbers" and their attendant necessity, "Fractions," put us in arithmetic two years behind the French pupil. When the metric system takes the place of our clumsy measurements, and when our incomprehensible English spelling is left behind, we shall be ready to compete with the French girl.

Another point in which we should do well to follow our transatlantic neighbors is in the study of our own language. The study of French is of the first importance to the French pupil. Grammar and composition are taught with a thoroughness which puts to shame the childish English "Language Lessons" with which we are satisfied. The work in literature is similar to ours and after a careful study of modern French follows a course in Provencal and Old French. Then a course in Latin is thrown open to those who wish to elect it. This marks again the wide difference between the two systems. In the preparatory school, we give one or two terms to English composition and three or four years to Latin and Greek, while the French student elects Latin only after a long training in her own language, and the primary object in electing it, is to trace the formation and development of the French tongue.

German is studied as a language which will be of practical use, and English is often elected. The English course is very similar to the French and German at Wellesley College, and is not considered difficult except in regard to pronunciation. The text books contain sketches of the lives of our principal writers, and extracts from the works of Shakespeare, Milton, Thackeray, our own Longfellow and Whittier, while Irving's Sketch Book is an especial favorite.

The practical character of the education naturally gives the sciences an important place. In the recent movement in our schools to give prominence to scientific work, and especially to introduce elementary scientific instruction into the lower grades, we are following their lead. From the lowest classes up, the little ones have lessons in the simplest principles of chemistry and physics, in mineralogy and botany, until, when they reach the lycée, they have not only acquired many of the facts, but have gained the habit of close and careful observation and of scientific accuracy which is invaluable in their more advanced work.

I have just been examining some note-books which are said to be only average work, but I must confess that I have never seen anything equal to them in the Boston schools. The French teacher is not satisfied that her pupils should learn to write neatly and correctly, but each must have at her command several distinct styles of print and script, and these are used in the note-books, which are very important since so much of the instruction is oral. The lesson which lies before me is one of a series in Natural History. The subject is printed at the top of the page in ornamental lettering, the headings of the different divisions are in a smaller lettering. The report of the lesson is in a neat and very legible hand, while a few notes are added in a style which is entirely different in the slant and formation of the letters, so that it stands out like italics on a printed page. But that which is especially admirable is a pen and ink sketch of the animal whose appearance and habits are the subject of the lesson. If it were the result of a drawing-lesson, it would not be so remarkable,

but as the ordinary record of an ordinary lesson in Natural History it shows how great is the attention given to the training of hand and eye. All the instruction in the sciences takes on a practical character.

Much time is spent on history and geography, and in the latter we notice again remarkable proficiency in map-drawing.

But it is the manual training which is of especial interest. What we have recently added to our courses of study is an important and essential part of the French system. Although it is recognized that this mechanical labor helps to secure better intellectual work, the immediate aim is the practical, not merely to give a general training which shall help the pupil to take up any trade with ease, but to give definite instruction and exercise in those pursuits by which he may be fitted to earn his own living. And so the work in the boys' and girls' departments differs greatly. While the boys are busied with their tools, the girls are having lessons in house-keeping, in horticulture, or in sewing.

One of the official reports states that the aim in the education of girls is to fit them to be good wives. If that means as it seems to mean to some men, good housekeepers, French wives should be the models. There is prescribed "a certain number of lessons of exercises and motherly advice, by means of which the teacher intends to inspire the young girls with a love of order, to make them acquire the sound principles of a good housekeeper and to prepare them against frivolous and dangerous tastes." The course in housekeeping is very complete and includes the management of a house and the care of furniture, with careful instruction and much practice in the choice and care of food materials, cooking, preserving and, finally, domestic book-keeping. There are courses in farm and dairy work, and in fruit and kitchen gardening, while flower culture is taught not only for ornamental purposes but with a view to the manufacture of perfumes.

Sewing becomes a fine art. The girls use a manual and cutting is done by a system based on geometry. Let me describe to you an examination in one of the lower classes. The pupil is given a rectangular piece of white linen with directions to hemstitch one side. When that is done she embroiders her initial letter in red at one end of the hem. Midway of the hem she works a buttonhole, also in red so that every little imperfection is visible. Then a tiny eyelet and a small silk loop complete the examination and the work is given to the teacher to be inspected and ranked.

But what would probably appeal more directly to our average college girl was a test in patching and darning, patches so neatly put on as to be almost indistinguishable from the body of the cloth, and darning as fine as the most delicate embroidery. In the more advanced work is included the cutting and fitting of all kinds of underwear and plain gowns. Is it any wonder that we are eager to get a French dressmaker when even the school-girls have such training?

The courses in drawing, designing and general art work are also serving as models for our schools. It is not merely as educators, but as statesmen that the Ministers of Public Instruction have laid great stress on the æsthetic training. The wealth and material prosperity of France, and her preeminence as a manufacturing nation has been due in large part to the superior taste of the French workman. As the manufacturers of other countries have improved, France has seen that, to keep her advantage, she must raise her standard, and this she has sought to do through her public school system.

When our French student has completed the seven years course at the lycée, she is ready for her degree, but first comes the examination.

All the tests which she has successfully passed are of no value in obtaining a diploma. She must take an examination given by the state at a certain time in the Town Hall of some large city, and then if successful, she receives a degree equivalent to B. A. Then she is ready to specialize and work for a higher degree. The lectures at the University are open to both sexes, and so are the examinations. That many women do take this advanced work is proved by the fact that a teacher would not be received in a lycée who had not taken a higher degree than the one equivalent to B. A.

The great difference between the education of the American and the French girl is at once apparent, and a comparison of the merits of the two systems would be useless. However a consideration of the two methods may reveal to us certain weak points in our own and at the same time furnish a suggestion for a possible remedy.

GRAN'DAD.

It was a pleasant sight of a summer's day to see old Caleb Hontz wheeling his little grand-daughter about the shady village streets. There was a certain quaint homeliness about the little group: the old man, bent with age, his scant white hair crowned with a broad-brimmed straw hat: his coarse, loose-fitting coat, that had an old-world look about it, and somehow reminded one of smock-frock: and, best of all, the strong, wrinkled face, with its peaceful smile that was like summer sunshine upon a rugged mountain side: old Caleb was good to look at.

And there was the carriage, a queer old thing that had, *I hope*, seen better days: it was a forlorn looking conveyance and seemed sadly to appreciate its melancholy condition. But 'Manda did not care: 'Manda rode in it like a queen, the wailing of its ancient organs only added to her pleasures. 'Manda was Caleb's grand-daughter, the third of the little group, if you count her chariot as one, and she was not the least important, at least in her grand'dad's eyes.

Gran'dad appreciated 'Manda and 'Manda appreciated gran'dad, but, 'Manda's mother did not appreciate either of them when the washing was cluttering up her kitchen, and young Caleb's supper was to be got, and the hands of the busy little clock were trotting rapidly round towards six. So gran'dad and 'Manda would go away, and leave the hot kitchen, and people who did not appreciate them, and spend their afternoon together, happy in each other's society.

Notwithstanding gran'dad's opinion, I'm afraid 'Manda would not generally be considered a pretty little girl. True she had big black eyes, but then her hair was straight and pale, and plaited in two tight little tails behind, and she wore a bonnet that flapped down over her eyes and made her small, brown face look smaller and browner. And 'Manda never would talk to people: gran'dad would uncover his gray head to the gentle folk and bid 'Manda "speak to the leddies," but nothing ever came of it but a frowning criticism of "the leddies" on the part of 'Manda. Gran'dad's old-world notions would be shocked at such displays of naughtiness, but 'Manda's American birth forbade any deference to rank.

This persistent silence of 'Manda's towards her street acquaintance prevented the study of her intellectual endowments, while it prejudiced the beholder against whatever beauty she may have possessed. That she was abundantly endowed with both, gran'dad was firmly convinced. "'She's a rare 'un," he would say knowingly, pointing with pride to the stolid 'Manda, "the b'ys is all right fur them as likes 'em, but the little gell's a rare 'un, she's a rare 'un."

Of course gran'dad had opportunity to judge during the long afternoons he and 'Manda spent together, when Mrs. Caleb did up her washing, and the old man and the little child wandered off together. Gran'dad would push the carriage patiently, until 'Manda decided that it would be pleasant to halt. Then old Caleb would sit down on the edge of the pavement, under the spreading trees that bordered the village street: and in the pleasant shade, in the seclusion broken only now and then by a slow-moving farm wagon, or a friendly passer-by, gran'dad and 'Manda were as happy as a king and queen in a royal garden.

On one of those bright summer afternoons 'Manda had been long deciding their halting place: finally, after a deal of patient pushing about on gran'dad's part, it was selected, just at the top of the rough little road that led from the narrow street where 'Manda lived to the broad, pleasant street of the great-folk. There were golden buttercups growing along this rough little road, and 'Manda loved buttercups. "Gran'dad, um butty tups for 'Manda," declared the small tyrant, and gran'dad, willing slave to his "little gell," hastened to obey.

He stopped to place a stone behind the wheel of 'Manda's chariot, and then bent to gather the brilliant blossoms. "They's mighty purty, 'Manda shell hev a welly big posy of 'em" he said to himself, and began to break them off right and left with his rough, horny hands, delighting in the gentle task.

Gran'dad's ambition for a "welly big posy" allured him behind 'Manda's back, and the little woman became impatient for her flowers. "Tum gran'dad!" she shrieked, and kicked with her little heels, and bounced up and down upon the seat of the carriage. The motion of her body started the carriage from its position, the little stone, so carefully placed beneath the wheel, blocked its course in vain, and gran'dad, looking up from his buttercups to soothe his little "gell's" impatience, saw 'Manda trundling down the hill, with no visible intervention between her and the stony gutter, washed deep by recent showers, that crossed the rough little street at the bottom.

Old Caleb's heart stood still. How could he hope to reach her, to save his little "gell" from those cruel stones? But he tried: he tottered forward, he stretched forth his hands, he cried to heaven for help. A stone turned beneath his foot, and the feeble limbs gave way. The golden buttercups waved over gran'dad's white hair,—white hair that was stained by a swift, red stream which the buttercups strove in vain to hide. * * * *

They came and picked 'Manda up. The carriage had been overturned by a large stone, but nicely balanced between the high front and stiff, old-fashioned canopy, it had formed a little tent over the child, who hung suspended by the strap which caught her round the waist, and kept her from falling face downward upon the stones beneath.

"'Gran'dad, tum pick 'Manda up!" she wailed in frightened tones, and the outcry had brought Mrs. Caleb and several neighbors hurrying from their houses near by. They raised the child, and made sure she was unharmed, and then they discovered gran'dad lying among the buttercups.

The neighbors bore the old man into his son's house, and laid him on his bed, his withered hands still grasping their flowers.

The doctor was summoned, and the rough but kindly hands of Mrs. Caleb made poor gran'dad as comfortable as possible. But his hurt was severe, and the doctor, sorrowing, said the feeble old man could scarcely recover from the shock.

The golden afternoon sunshine was brightening the room with its last rays, when gran'dad's eyes opened. "My little gell?" he faintly asked. They told him she was safe.

His glance wandered wistfully round the room. its gentle pleading was not to be denied. Mrs. Caleb brought the little one in, and carried her to the bed. "See 'Manda," she said "see poor gran'dad's sick;" and she coaxed the child to kiss and fondle her grandfather.

But with the perversity of childhood 'Manda refused to recognize her dear playfellow in that pale figure, lying so still in the great bed. She turned away, and cried with all her little might. "No no, naughty man! 'Manda wants gran'dad, her own gran'dad!" Her mother tried to reason with the foolish little one, but gran'dad only smiled his old, patient smile. "Give her the posy" he tried to whisper.

Then they bore 'Manda from the room, her sobs grew faint and fainter in the distance, and gran'dad seemed to listen. At last a little child's laugh broke the stillness, gran'dad's smile was like sunset light upon the bare side of a mountain: he turned his face to the wall, and it was all quite still in the little room.

Ruddle.

THE BROOK'S MUSIC.

Listen! listen! murmuring softly
  To the trees its love-song old,
Flows the brook through meadows scented
  Sweet with clover, shadow-dented:
Flecked by clouds afloat in azure,
  Bits flung out from heaven's treasure,
White and silver, gray and gold.

Over moss-grown stones it floweth
  Larger, stronger, hour by hour;
Now the rush of rivers bending,
  Turning, curving, ever tending
Onward to a restless ocean;
  Ceaseless, tireless in its motion,
So the brook flows on in power.

Oceans sing grand mighty chorals,
  Beating, throbbing on the shore;
Rivers tell the centuries' stories
  Of the lives of men, the glories
That have come and gone, while ever
  On and on still flows the river,
Heedless of life's rush and roar.

But the brook sings sweeter music
  Than the sea or river may;
Songs of love and peaceful living,
  Sweet with joy, and glad with giving;
Tainted not with strife nor sorrow,
  Trusting, fearing not the morrow,
Taking thought for just to-day.

A ROMAN SKETCH.

It was the first watch. The morning sunshine flooded the slopes of the Latin hills, dotted thickly with the costly villas of the wealthy Romans. Life and activity are personified at Tusculum.

A whole decuriae of slaves hasten here and there traversing the mosaic floor of the atrium, cleaning the dust from the walls and the statuary.

They hang fresh garlands and carefully polish the costly tables of cedarwood from the primeval woods of Atlas. They pervade the apartments and by the time their master's clients and friends begin to crowd the atrium to pay their morning visit to their patron, all is in readiness for the day. A courier, is announced from Rome, and a slave, taking the letter, is about to carry it to the inner apartments of his lord, when a childish voice arrests him. It is the little Tullia, the daughter of the house. She has been playing with the sunbeams, which dance so merrily to and fro on the tesselated pavement, and, seeing the slave approach she runs to him. "Ah, good Leonidas, tell me, hast thou a letter for my father? If so, let me bear it to him. It must be from his dear friend Atticus. He has awaited it since sunrise."

The faithful slave smiled as he looked into the eager face of the child. Yes. It is for

my master. See! it is addressed, "*Marcus Tullius Cicero.*" She takes it from his hands and hastens to the library, a large room hung at either end with curtains of Tyrian purple, half-drawn, where Cicero is directing the work of some slaves who are busy writing. He smiles when he sees the welcome face of the child. The letter which proves to be from Atticus, telling him of his arrival in Rome and his impatience to see him, gives delight alike to himself and to Tullia. Atticus had promised her some presents when he was last at Tusculum, and he has remembered her for he writes, "My best wishes to Terentia and the little Tullia." Cicero bids his slaves prepare for his journey to Rome. He says farewell, bidding his wife Terentia have all in readiness for Atticus in the evening, and kissing the little Tullia he leaves his villa, carried swiftly along by the slaves in his lectiea down the descent to the plain below. It is a pleasant path, winding through woods and past the villas of his friends "bosomed high in tufted trees."

Before him is the noblest view that could be imagined, to a Roman and a consul. Twelve miles to the westward over the campagna lies Rome, the capital of the world, Rerum Pulcherisma Roma," and behind her walls and towers sparkled the blue waters of the sea. Cicero's mind turns to his speech in the forum which today is a defence for his honored friend Archias. He is carried along the Appian Way, that queen of roads and into Rome over the moist stones of the Porta Capem. The narrow streets are crowded with tradesmen of all kinds, and here and there, attracting a group of loungers, a program in flaming letters announces the next gladiatorial contest. The Consul hastens to the Forum, where he will meet Atticus, and where he is to offer his defence for Archias. He likes to think of the poet and the delight which his teachings have afforded him for, as he says in the Senate, an hour later, "Other occupations are not suited to every age or place, but these studies are the food of youth, the delight of old age, the ornament of prosperity, the refuge and comfort of adversity, a delight at home and no hindrance abroad, they are companions by night and in travel and in the country.

The Senate has adjourned and Cicero's friends crowd about him to praise his oration and greet him. "Ah, Cicero, well met. Methinks it is long since we have seen you in the Forum," says the wealthy Lucullus, "and you Atticus, will you not both dine with me at my villa on the Pincian Hill?" "Most gladly, Lucullus, and as the crowd seems rather to increase than disperse, let us go at once." They pass the shops of the Forum, the atrium of Vesta, and by its side, the temple of Castor and Pollux with its richly ornamented Korinthian pillars and finally reach Lucullus' beautiful villa.

There in a spacious salon around a beautiful table stood sofas, inlaid with tortoise shell, their white hangings embroidered in gold, the purple pillows stuffed with softest wool. Lucullus leads Cicero to the place of honor while at his left he places Cæsar and above Mycenas, Atticus and the others seated according to their rank. Throughout Rome it was understood that at the house of Lucullus was heard the latest news from the Forum. There also gathered the most learned men of Rome, and the sonnet of the poet received its severest criticism from the lips of the wealthy banker's guests as they reclined before the rarest of wines and the richest of dinners. The banquet was full of surprises for the admiring guests. Oysters from the Lucrine Lake, Syrian and Theban dates, and pomegranates from southern Italy.

A slave bore Falernian wine in a broad bowl "the handle of which was a ram with a golden fleece more beautiful than that brought by Phyrxus to Colchis."

Quaint drinking cups there were and saucers imitating the tints of the amethyst and ruby. While the meal progressed as Horace says, from "egg to apple," the conversation grew more and more spirited, for there was the last decision of the Senate to discuss, and rumors of a conspiracy had spread abroad in which the consul was deeply interested.

The dinner is over at last and the Consul with Atticus set out on their homeward journey. "Fare thee well, Cicero, happy omen be thy speed," says Lucullus as he stands in his portico. He watches the wealthy banker, and by his side the greatest man in all Rome, as they pass down the street, with the slaves following their figures, showing black in the yellow glare of the torches.

The last twilight of evening had yielded to the darkness of night, and the rays of the moon began to illumine the temples of the capitol as Cicero turned his face toward Tusculum and left behind him the walls of Rome.

M. L. Colby, '95.

YOUTH AND AGE.

The day is golden—
And yet the night comes fast,
To joy is youth beholden—
Shall age not come at last?

In sunshine youth disport thee,
Thus let it be!
Dear age, grow calm in twilight
To sweet serenity.

POOR LITTLE TIM.

He had not always been "Poor Little Tim." Once, some six years before, he was bonny Tim, rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed, laughing Tim. They were so proud of him, Esther and Timothy. Esther had had a hard life, a lonely, work-a-day life, till she knew Timothy; and when Timothy came up from the country to the great city, he was as likely a lad as ever meant to make his fortune in the busy metropolis.

Away back in early childhood Esther remembered green lanes and beautiful wild flowers and sunny skies. One reminder of those days was a little white rosebush which her mother had cherished in an upstairs city room, and when she died, Esther had transplanted it to her grave. But it too had died, and with it the brightness in Esther's life, till those happy days, long after, when Timothy's coming shut out the toilsome world, and drew her into the warmth and brightness which only love can create.

No one but they two knew how much genuine happiness was crowded into those three tiny rooms away up in that big block on Tenth Street. But when Baby Tim came, even then they did not know. They only looked into each other's eyes and wondered. But that was all a long time ago.

That morning she sat on the side of a rickety bed in their one low-roofed room, with its one little window facing the East, and held a thin, white hand, and stroked the curly hair from his smooth, white forehead, and said, "Poor Little Tim." The tears gathered in her eyes, a rare comfort for her, and looking down upon the sleeping boy she murmured, "What will Tim only think!"

Timothy had not been home for five years, not since that night when, in a careless moment, (it was only careless, for he was always tender to Baby Tim, even after he forgot to be kind to Esther), that night when he was frolicking with Baby Tim on his shoulder, and he let him fall. He was not quite himself that night, and he never knew how much it hurt him, because after baby had been quieted and put to sleep, Timothy had gone out.

A strike was going on at the factory and the hands were riotous. It was not till the strike that Timothy began to drink more than was good for him. In their meeting he was a natural leader and was regarded as a hero.

That night he went to a meeting of the rioters, and, well, it is a long story. Esther never quite knew how it happened. There were so many stories. There was a fire that night, by an incendiary, they said, and Timothy was there. Of course he was the leader. Any way, he went to jail five years ago. He was coming home now, and Esther's heart ached when she thought of it. There was no joyous outlook into the future. It might be better. It might be worse. Jail life often hardens, seldom softens a man.

Little Tim was expecting father, had talked of it a long time the night before. He remembered only dimly a great, strong man, who used to take him in his arms and on his back. He only knew that father had gone away, but that he loved little Tim, and was coming home.

And you will laugh then, wont you, mamma, and be happy like the pretty mission lady, and you wont wash so much, will you, and will take me out when the sun shines and push me in my little chair?" he had said only the night before, as he patted her faded cheek, and wound his thin arms around her neck.

It had been Tim's birthday not long before, and he was seven years old. The mission lady had brought him a tiny white rosebush to grow in the little east window, because Tim was so delighted with a white rose that she had given him one day. He wondered why mamma looked at it so much, and, when she thought Tim was not looking, took out her handkerchief and wiped her eyes. She always tried to be cheerful for Tim's sake. Tim asked her why she cried at the pretty rose, and she told him about her mother and her country home, the district school and the fields and the flowers: and one day Tim had told the lady all about it, and she had brought him the rosebush on his birthday.

The first beautiful flower had come to bloom a few days before. It was fading now, but another big, green bud was there, and Tim had said, "It will open when papa comes, wont it?"

And he had watched it so carefully I think he must have seen it grow.

But something more than apprehension about Timothy filled Esther's heart as she looked at the boy. The rosy cheeks which had faded so long ago, wore again their tinge of red. The little hands which had been listless for so long, were more active now. The eyes which had grown so dull, that she sometimes thought they might lose the light of reason, had grown bright again. The kind-hearted doctor when he called only the day before and felt his pulse, had turned abruptly away, and something very like a tear had fallen on the little rosebush as he examined it very carefully. So it was with an anxious heart and the fear of giving pain to one she still loved, that she murmured again, "What will Timothy think?"

The last ray of eastern sun had kissed the rosebud good-bye. Tim always waited till then. Then he must hold it in his hands "a little minute," and "look at it real close," and have "a lovely smell all to himself."

This morning, as he took it in his hand, he gave a cry of delight.

"Mamma, it's begun to break, just look It will be all ready for papa." The little hands trembled so in his joy that the pot slipped somehow and,—it did not hurt the open one very much, only crushed it a little, but the bud! Its dainty head hung down helplessly, for the stem was broken.

"Never mind, dear," said Esther, fearing that his grief be too great for his strength. "We will cut it off and put it into some warm water, and may be it will think the sun is shining and open sooner. I am sure it will open for papa to-night."

All day long he watched it. Esther watched her rosebud, opening too, preparing to shed its fragrance in a purer, better world. She saw

the bright eyes grow brighter, the nervous hands close more tightly, the cheeks flush redder and hotter. If Timothy would only come, before it were too late!

Late that night Timothy came. He was very much changed, so old, so sober. His first words were, "Where's Tim!"

"Hush," said Esther, "Do not rouse him."

She took his hand, and led him very tenderly, and, how bravely, to the bedside. Tim's breath came thick and fast, but he looked as if heaven had already stamped him with its own beauty. They looked at him in silence awhile, then Timothy took Esther by the hand and sat down in the old rocker and wept like a child. They talked together of Tim, of the long years of waiting and sorrow, and of the new life before them, till the sun came through the east window and fell upon the little bud, placed where it would catch the first sunbeam. The green covering had parted, and the white petals turned back to greet the sunshine.

The child turned on his pillow, and with half-closed eyes said, "Mamma, did it open, and did papa come? I dreamed he did, and he liked the flower, and he took it and kissed it, and it grew into a big, lovely bush, and filled all the room. Will it grow like that mamma, some day?"

Timothy laid his rough face beside the fair, soft one, and said, "Yes, Baby Tim, papa's rosebud shall never stop growing bigger and sweeter, and little Tim shall see it some day in heaven."

"I'm so glad, papa! Mamma, you said you would look happy when papa came, don't cry!"

They each held a thin, wasted hand and looked into the other's eyes and wondered. Tim's eyes closed dreamily; a happy smile spread over his face. Esther and Timothy bent down and kissed the sweet lips. Timothy took a little blossom from the window while the sun was still upon it, and laying it tenderly in Tim's hand, murmured, "Happy Little Tim."

Evelyn E. Parkes, '92.

HE LAUGHS BEST WHO LAUGHS LAST

Four young scamps off on a lark. They were the senior class in a small Western college, thirty years ago. Charlie, the reckless leader of all the mischief, is now a rotund and dignified clergyman in one of our large cities; John, the class genius, is a hard-working country parson; good-natured, careless Andrew is a missionary in Africa, with nine children and a well-learned reputation for piety; Will, the gentle and earnest, died in the war.

But that spring night they were only four jolly boys, with heads together, planning a frolic. "Let's relieve Old Curtis of a few chickens," suggests Charlie, who once boarded with the old miser and remembers with a grudge the scanty supply of chicken that went on the boarder's plate.

The suggestion, for lack of a better, is followed, and soon two of Curtis' finest crowers are transferred, despite their betraying cries, from the roost to the college basement. It is so near to stealing that the boys are obliged to quiet their rebellious consciences by plausible remarks about the public duty involved in punishing the miser whom all the village detests.

To relieve this discomfort, Andrew suggests that they take Farmer Pray's wagon to pieces and distribute it over the town. John smiles superciliously at such a time-worn trick, but Charlie's second settles it, and for the next hour the boys have good work. The old wagon is taken to pieces and one wheel hung over the parson's gate, one over Deacon J's, another laid on the church step, while the fourth reposes on the ridgepole of Farmer Pray's own barn. The bolts are laid on the door-step of the good-natured farmer, who will doubtless enjoy the joke as well as the boys themselves.

John has been unusually quiet during the fun, and the rest suspect that some brilliant

scheme is working in the head of the Faculty's pet; so when, with a twinkle of the eye, but in his usual slow, serious tone, he says, "Boys," the three draw closer to him in expectant silence, while Charlie throws an arm about his shoulder and watches with dancing eyes his chum's sphinx-like face. "Boys," repeats John, "I have a scheme. Perhaps it wont work (cautious John!) but we can try." He waits a moment, to give full force to his next words, and then says briefly, "get Old Curtis's Molly and put her up in the belfry." A shout of approval from Charlie drowns all conversation for a moment, but as soon as his quiet voice can be heard, Will suggests:

"We cannot do that, John; the Dr. would suspect you immediately."

John, you see, slept in the college building and, of course, would be held responsible for whatever went on therein.

"No, that wont do," cries generous Charlie, whose heart, at least, is in the right place.

John waits with a smile for the exclamations to cease and then says, "I have thought of all that, boys; you must tie me in my room." Such a brilliant idea stills for a moment even Charlie's tongue.

"Well, boys?"

"Great," is the unanimous answer and, in fifteen minutes the details are settled and the boys are on their way to the miser's.

"Molly," a pretty "mooly" cow, is rather surprised by this midnight visit, but follows readily enough to the foot of the college steps. There she rebels, but, by means of coaxing grain in front and vigorous pushes behind, is at length induced to climb to the belfry. The boys tie her there and, stopping their ears to her plaintive mooings, hasten down to finish their work.

John is tied to his bed, furniture is overturned, clothes strewn about. It looks quite as if a struggle had taken place. There is one more difficulty. Suppose John is asked why he did not shout for aid? Charlie felicitously suggests that they gag him, too, but John draws the line there. Finally, John gives a few faint shouts to satisfy his conscience, in case he is asked, and the boys, laughing and confident of success, leave their accomplice to snatch what sleep he can in the midst of his ropes, while they hasten home for a couple of hours' nap.

Three of the Senior class waited breathlessly next morning for the chapel bell, the fourth waited for release. Some early comers at length, find him, listen to the story which he tells so seriously and report to the president. If any suspect John, they keep their ideas to themselves and trust to his solemn face and well known favor with the "Profs" to ward suspicion from him.

The Seniors walk to their seats in chapel that morning w.th heavy eyes and preternaturally nonchalant gait. A murmur of excitement runs through the room. Everyone knows of it and everyone is in the dark as to who did it. The president is calm and smiling as usual.

During the doctor's prayer, loud mooings sound from the belfry. Titters come from the seats of the preparatory boys, Charlie and John grasp one another excitedly; Molly has co-operated better than they hoped.

At the close of his prayer, the doctor lets his eyes rest gently on his boys for a moment. It is getting a little too exciting for the Seniors, but how could he know? Still smiling benignantly he steps to the edge of the platform and turns to the Senior seats. Then with his most gracious air—and who could be so courteous as the old doctor?—he says, "young gentlemen, I understand that a cow has strayed into our belfry. I will ask Mr. John Carpenter and Mr. Charlie Brown to be kind enough to bring her down. If they need any help, they may call upon their classmates." Laughter and murmurs of approval

for the Doctor follow John and Charlie, as with crimson faces, they walk from the room.

Now leading a cow down-stairs is a very different matter from leading her up, and Molly true to her sex, was obstinate as well as gentle. It took all the morning, though their efforts were cheered by an ever-changing crowd in the hall, which hung over the ballusters and gloried in the Seniors, defeat. It was bitter, but the boys learned a lesson, perhaps, in the nature of cows and presidents.

"A DREAM."

How dark it was! Everything was shrouded in darkness, the air was heavy with it, the water was enveloped in it, the sky was weighted down with it. Over a vast expanse of angry water the wind shrieked and howled and lashed the waves into such a fury that they mounted to the sky in their wrath, foaming and beating the air.

In the midst of this darkness and confusion tossed a small row-boat with two occupants, my brother and myself. I fear that I shall find it difficult to make everything quite clear to you, for we were in a land where people understand many things intuitively and are not so dependent upon the senses and reason as are the people of our world. And I must tell you now that I simply relate all the experiences as they occurred, for, although the events of that night are engraven on my mind with the distinctness of an intaglio, I cannot explain them or account for them in any way. I only know that they occurred. This curious world of our adventures seems to me now like a shadow world, but during our strange experiences it was most intensely real, while this common-sense world appeared only as a dim and vapory shadow. I wonder if one could be the shadow of the other? But this would lead to the question whether anything could be a reality and a shadow at the same time, and if I wanted to fully consider the question I think it would be a long time before I should tell you of our night's experiences in the mysterious country.

When I first realized that we were not in our own country, I was conscious of a delightfully restful sense of being able to feel the touch of many things without knowing the reasons for them and without any desire to penetrate beyond the calm assurance of perfect certainty. My brother and myself were bound on a long journey. We were anxious to go as quickly as possible for we knew that it was important, although we did not know where we were going, or why it was important.

We were travelling over a very rough ocean in a small row-boat, such as fishermen use on the great lakes, where they skirt the shore. In the midst of the ocean was a small house. It was very low and dark and seemed to be built of the solid rock. The house was surrounded by a circle of water, which was always perfectly calm. In the house dwelt an old woman; we had never seen her clearly but we always thought of her as old and very dreadful and were more afraid of her than of anything else in the world. We were even more afraid of her than of the angry seas. Had it not been that the water about her house was the only calm water in the whole ocean we would never have approached her. She had wonderful power and we were entirely at her mercy, perhaps that was the reason we feared her so much.

As we came without the circle of quiet water, the sea was so rough, that my brother found it almost impossible to row and our small boat would have been upset in a moment, had it not been for a slender thread which I held. The other end of the thread was in the hand of the old woman of the ocean. I was very much alarmed at the wildness all about us, nevertheless, I wished to proceed and as long as the thread stretched between us and the calm of the old woman's house I felt that our boat at least could not be engulfed by the billows.

The waves, rising higher and higher, advanced upon us like a pursuing Nemesis; first advancing quickly, they threatened to fall upon us and crush us beneath their weight, then receding they attempted with their dying force to drag with them our frail boat, that it might be shattered to atoms upon the huge rocks which lined the shore.

We were very silent because of the noise of the wind and waves. My brother sat in the stern guiding the boat slightly with the oars, while I in the prow held the little thread and tried to still my ever-increasing fears. All at once I felt the tension of the thread loosen and found to my dismay that it had broken. The boat was rocking frightfully. I turned to my brother and told him that we must return immediately to the house of the old woman, or we should certainly be drowned. When he discovered that the thread had broken, he realized our danger and after a desperate effort succeeded in reversing the boat. The winds and waves did not seem quite as fierce on our return, else we never should have reached the house. Certain destruction was the only thing which I feared worse than the old woman, and the nearer I approached her house, the more terrified I grew. At length we reached the circle of calm water. As the relief from the fury of the waves became greater, our terror of the mysterious old woman increased. We had passed through the circle of tranquil water about her house: we could not linger outside, we must enter. I was filled with a nameless horror which grew more intense every moment. My brother did not speak to me, neither did I speak to him, but we went in together. As we entered the house we at first saw no one. Even in the midst of my terror I observed that although the house was dark with age on the exterior, the walls and ceiling of the interior were ablaze with glittering jewels. The whole place was as light as day although outside everything was clothed in darkness.

Thousands of glittering rays of color darted from the wall. I do not think that the beauty of the place decreased my terror, although it inspired me with admiration and wonder. I was still gazing tremblingly about, expecting I knew not what, when we saw creeping toward us from the opposite side of the room a little child. It was a very little child, scarcely a year old I should think. I do not remember very much about its appearance except that it was dressed in white and had the loveliest baby face imaginable with great clear soft blue eyes which looked at us confidingly. We knew at once, how I cannot say,—you know I told you that in dreamland many things go unexplained, that the little child belonged to her whom we had been accustomed to consider the dreadful old woman of the ocean and immediately we knew that we were safe.

I looked around the room again half expecting to see the mysterious woman. The jewels upon the walls still flashed brilliantly but the many colors had blended into a pure white light which filled the room. The relief from the agonizing terror of the moment before was so great that I awoke.

The gray morning light filled the room. I felt a strange, indefinable mingling of pleasure and relief. I watched the gray light of the morning gradually grow clearer and clearer until the risen sun shining upon the snow outside flashed back a thousand colors. I arose and went to the window. I gazed for a moment upon the ever-changing glory of the colors which the shining, snow-crusted fields threw back to the sun. I gazed further over the fields, losing the brilliant coloring but getting a great broad view of shining whiteness, and I seemed to stand again in the house of the old woman of the ocean and see all the glorious coloring of the jewels again flashing into pure white light.

Calla Miriam Osgood.

SONNET.

From the vague blackness of the midnight sky,
The stars shine forth, mere burning gleams of light
To us, who wrapped about by earth's dark night,
Know but the shadows which around us lie.
But could we on the wings of angels soar,
Leaving this little world which we have known
This petty system which we call our own,
To seek the richer light which lies before,
So should we find each dim uncertain beam,
Grow fuller, brighter as we drew more near
Until, surrounded by a radiance clear,
We knew the joy, whereof we here but dream.
So doth the darkness of the great Unknown
Become pure light as we approach God's throne.

J. P. S., '93.

THE FACE OF CARDINAL NEWMAN.

A STUDY.

As with reverence we approach the home of a man of power and genius, and even with tenderness examine the traces of his daily outward life, in the same way do we study the face of a great man, the dwelling place, wherein the traces of his inner soul-life are often so plainly expressed. In the first rank of these soul-revealing faces stands that of Cardinal Newman.

This highly spiritual type of countenance has three other leading representatives. If we place beside his portrait those of Dante, Savonarola and George Eliot, we cannot fail to be struck by a strange resemblance in them all, and to feel that they belong to the same spiritual family. All are strongly marked with individuality. In all you find the same large head, the long drawn facial outline, and a massive underjaw, which in these faces is the exponent of great force and weight of character. There is the same broad open expanse of forehead, the large, long nose, with that peculiarly sensitive droop at the corners, the mobile lips, the marked decision in the lines of the chin, and the deep set eyes, with their expression of earnestness and intensity. There are traces in each of a certain severity of expression, though mingled with kindliness. In the eyes there is the penetrating, far-seeing gaze, which belongs to those souls, to whom has been given a clear vision of both the realities and the mysteries of life.

Studying them as they stand before us side by side, we read in them the forceful purpose, the determination and energy, combined with high intellectual and spiritual power, which are the true revelation of the brave souls within. Their kinship becomes evident to us. Their faces summon before us the life and personality of each. We seem to hear the wondrously thrilling tones of Savonarola, pealing through the arches of the Duomo, and the tender sweetness of the voice of Newman, as he passionately pours forth his soul in St. Mary's. We are fascinated again by the gracious tones of the voice of George Eliot, which, her friends tell us, charmed all who talked with her: and we listen to catch, if we may, the long silenced voice of the poet, whose words yet charm us with their music. Again in their voices we have found a striking relationship between the poet and the prophet, the novelist and the thinker.

But among these four faces, that of Newman appeals to us in a different way from the others. What does it possess that the others have not? And how shall we account for its rare charm and beauty?

Let us compare it first with that sad, proud face of Dante. In the face of the Florentine poet, the lines of passion and of pride are much more strongly marked. It has the expression of a dreamy, sensitive nature, with many suggestions of spirituality indeed, but with few marks of self-restraint about the

mouth, and more of self-indulgence. The dreamy happiness of the earlier portraits of Newman is a decided contrast to the sad and almost bitter expression of melancholy in Dante's face.

Comparing him with that other great priest of the Church, Savonarola, Newman's expression indicates the higher type of spirituality, and a refinement of lines and of features, with a general look of culture, which is much less apparent in the face of the earlier defender of the Church. There is a rugged aggressiveness, a sense of physical strength, a fierce fire, more of restlessness and less of peace in the face of Savonarola.

Turning to George Eliot, the expression of the spiritual intellect in Newman's face distinguishes it from hers. Her face is remarkably like his in force and earnestness: its intense gravity, its kindliness of expression, its sensitive outline and traces of modesty, coupled with suggestions of self-assertion. Yet it seems in contrast to lack this one essential,—a certain inspiration and power coming from the upward spiritual glance of vision.

The rare charm of that wonderful, half wistful, tender and yet austere expression of Newman, seems to be owing to the domination of every power and faculty, of every thought and instinct, by the highest spiritual law of his nature. This spiritualized expression we notice particularly in the later pictures. One may study again and again that strongly marked countenance with ever-growing interest,—the broad brow with elevations over the eye-brows, which are said to indicate the love of music, the keen-sighted, wonderfully expressive eyes, the strong Roman nose, and the firm mouth, with traces of self-repression about it. One sees in the face the characteristics of the man, the mingled subtlety and simplicity, the humility and strong will, a determination of purpose and yet a willingness, even a craving for guidance. With the stern expression of the mouth, there is the suggestion of a sense of humor. There are the signs of struggle and yet the mark of peace.

The pictures taken in the Cardinal's youth, when compared with the later portraits, show that even in early life his face was of the purely ascetic type, and portray the monk and the dreamer. All are as if carved from the one solid block of rare marble. But the wonderfully strong, almost unearthly sweetness, deepens with the later pictures. The eyes, to which the unseen grows more vivid, seem to pierce the infinite with a growing intensity. There is an etching taken from life, recently on exhibition, which brings the face of the Cardinal in his old age vividly before one. Graven upon it are the traces of the conflict, of battles fought and of doubts silenced; yet there is a haunting, pathetic expression of childlike questioning, as the eyes gaze out into the future. Already the peace of a dawning revelation, which he has longed for with intense desire, the rest of that perfected solution of all the uncertainties of life, seems stealing over him.

Perhaps it is the interpretation of the ending of his own dream of Gerontius:

"Take me away, and in the lowest deep
There let me be,
And there in hope, the lone night watches keep,
Told out for me.

There motionless and happy in my pain,
Lone, not forlorn,
There will I sing my sad, perpetual strain,
Until the morn.

There will I sing and soothe my stricken heart,
Which ne'er can cease
To throb, and pine, and languish, till possest
Of its sole peace.

There will I sing my absent Lord and Love:
Take me away,
That sooner I may rise, and go above,
And see Him in the truth of everlasting day."

G. E. M.

A SILENT TIME.

Glow, embers, glow!
Grow, fancies, grow!
Come to me, music I used to hear,
Come to me, memories still held dear.
Glow, embers, glow!
Grow, fancies, grow!

Come, Memory, come!
Some comfort, some!
I am alone and lonely I sing,
Bring me some heartily comforting thing.
Come, Memory, come!
Some comfort, some!

N '94.

LUIGI.

A SKETCH.

The interest of the summer sojourners of Russian Valley was aroused one morning to an unusual extent. Down the long, winding grade leading from the ocean cliff into the gulch, as it was called in that region, dashed a spirited team of horses, and over the clash of their hoofs rose in a strong but somewhat shrill masculine voice, the lively strains of a Swiss soldier-song:

Viva la carabina, viva la liberta,
Viva la carabina, viva la liberta.
Viva, viva la liberta,
Viva, viva la liberta.

Almost before the dust was settled in the tracks the driver of this enterprising team stood before us. This was Luigi.

Now we were just in the mood to be interested in such a character. As he leapt out of the wagon with an elastic bound, and stood in full view, the image of health, careless happiness, and freedom of body: as he stood there in his loose flannel shirt, flapping red tie and broad brimmed hat, and sung out a jovial "goo' morning" accompanied by a lyrical, sportive laugh, he certainly made a picturesque figure, such as one looks for in the summer time to give a native, unconventional flavor to the place of one's tarrying.

The salty fisherman with his quaint hut and ill-smelling nets was a worn-out being. The charms of the abalone gatherers were on the decline, since to watch the process of "abaloneing," from a drift-wood log by the beach fire, necessitated the leaving of one's couch at four in the morning.

But here was a counter attraction, Luigi, or, as with a touch of pride he introduced himself, Mr. Tonacca. Here was a creature who was not all of the sea, salty, but whose wild, hearty laugh reminded us of the play of the winds in red woods of the mountain gorges back of us, whose faun-like motions and dancing skips, suggested the gambols of the yet unfrightened deer in his native haunts.

His acquaintance was quickly and easily made, and then Luigi became the "fad" of the season.

Perhaps the fastidious young doctor and others of the party viewed Mr. Tonacca in a more matter of fact light than did the young ladies, but they were wise enough to say nothing and to let us rave over our "Donatello," as we dubbed him.

Luigi was a young Swiss-Italian, and had been in this country ten years. He was foreman of a large ranch of several thousand acres, his immediate business being to oversee one of the dairies. He had worked up to this position of trust by his faithfulness and industry.

As we grew to know more of Luigi, there seemed to be two sides to his character, which we were pleased to call his mountain side and his sea side. Down in the wooded, stream-watered valley he was the Donatello, with his

songs and laughter, the merry twinkle of his clear brown eye, and his jovial antics. Upon the bare, jagged cliff, where he could look out on the untiring sea, ever roaring and grinding its monotonous portion from rock and pebble; up on the cliff, where the dairy houses stood, where life meant work, there Luigi was a man of sober thought and action. There dignity reigned supreme, and Luigi's inferiors obeyed his slightest dictation, because they feared his mighty will, determination and moral power, not less than they respected his iron hands and giant strength.

While Luigi was a strict overseer, he was always pleasant and kindly disposed. His square chin—which, in its stern setting, reminded me of his own bulldog's lower jaw — could relax into a boisterous laugh before the other Swissmen without loss of dignity, or could take on a tender sweetness when he spoke an encouraging word to some home-sick youth fresh from his mother-country.

For Luigi was but a boy himself when he left the old father and mother, the brothers and sisters, the country home and the pretty girls of his native village, to come to a new and strange country, to fight his own way and to make a fortune. He certainly was fighting his way and making his mark as a good, competent ranchman, but as to the fortune that seemed some way off. It should be said however, to his credit that within five years, on the small salary of thirty dollars a month he had, by economy and judicious investment, succeeded in laying by three thousand dollars.

Luigi was of a confiding, trusting nature. He loved sympathy, and we soon won from him the simple story of his life in Switzerland, his coming to the Pacific coast, and his hopes of becoming a land owner some day.

"And then Luigi," we asked, "will you go to Switzerland and bring back one of the pretty blue-eyed lasses to make your bread and look after the milk pans?" Whereupon he slapped his thigh, threw back his head, and roared in glee. "No, no, they don' like to come here. I find 'Merican girl."

"How 's Roxy Bell, Luigi?"

Roxana Bell, familiarly known as Roxy Bell, was a Russian Valley domestic of some former year. Her flashing black eyes, ruddy cheeks, and buxom form had evidently made a deep impression upon Luigi's heart.

At the sound of her name, another peal of ecstatic laughter went up, and Luigi murmured with a tender reminiscent gleam in his honest eyes: "Roxy Bell, Roxy bell, turbly fine girl."

"Turbly" was the term by which Luigi was accustomed to express superlative appreciation. This was no doubt an "acquired characteristic" — the result of American civilization.

Luigi's affections were strong, and were centred upon a younger brother who had lately followed Luigi to this country and was working near by. Luigi idolized him.

"My brother," he said, "he turbly han'some He so tall and white. I no good looking, he mighty fine looking boy."

Luigi was passionately fond of nature, of beauty, of music, of color. He came down to several of our entertainments and listened with the most rapt attention to the singing and to the violin. Any bright, jaunty boating costume immediately attracted his eye and called forth his customary expression of approval — "turbly fine."

There was one trait of Luigi's character that I admired intensely. He would always see the good in people. His master was, according to hearsay, a rather wild young man. Yet Luigi would always enlarge upon his fine business qualities, his kindness to his aged mother and other redeeming features.

Luigi was generosity itself, if generosity may be measured by the cream he gave us to

drink whenever we passed by the dairy on some excursion or other.

One trait, a love for study, distinguished Luigi from his mates. He had been obliged to leave school at the age of fourteen. He felt deeply the lack of an education and was determined when he became better off to go to school again, or, at least, to study by himself.

He was a Catholc in name. In reality, he claimed to be nothing. He had stepped into a church but once in this country. He did not believe in the confessional, since the priests were as wicked as the rest of the people. Besides he said, there was no church to go to in Russian Valley. And it is a question with me whether Luigi, with the sounding ocean for his choir, and his conscience for priest, was not as religious as many church-goers.

Luigi was a strong patriot. Whether or not he understood the terms Republican and Democrat, he knew what a republic is. He was born in a republic and was proud of the fact; he had come to a republic and rejoiced in the fact. Therefore the party, which took its name from the national title, was the party to which Luigi gave his loyalty.

While the Donatello side of Luigi's character delighted us most during our stay in Russian Valley, yet, since then, I have thought many times of his stronger side. If all the foreigners who come to our country possessed Luigi's fine moral nature, his patriotic zeal, and his willingness to settle on country land, the great immigration question would no longer be a difficult problem. One element of success in Luigi's case lies in the fact that almost as soon as he reached America, he found employment in the country, away from the demoralizing influence of large cities and small towns, away from examples of idleness, and of the drunkenness and immorality which are so often the result of idleness.

As Luigi leaves us now, to climb the long winding grade on the other side of the valley, can we not still hear the strains of his song.

"Viva, viva la liberta,
Viva, viva la liberta,"

and hope that the spirit which underlies the words may enter many who make our country their home.

Caroline Frear, '93.

EVENTIDE.

Even-star in the West away,
Tinged with the sunset glow:
Moon in a cloud-kissed sky afloat,
Curved like a golden bow.

Rippling waves on the lakelet's shore,
Lulling the birds to sleep;
Pines that the wandering breezes love,
Wrapped in silence deep.

Hush of peace o'er a wearied earth,
Quiet-hour now is come,
God holds the world to His own great heart,
Like a tired child called home.

Seeing in the last PRELUDE the suggestion in regard to our publication for next year, I should like to say a word on the subject from the point of view of an alumna.

Judging from the character of the monthly literary number of the present paper, there can be no doubt that Wellesley can easily support a "Literary," that is, as far as matter goes and I think we would all give it our hearty, financial support. But it must not be made to supersede the weekly news sheet. You who are in college cannot realize with what eagerness we who have left Wellesley's walls devour every word that tells us of her affairs, and how we prize the PRELUDE in its news-bearing capacity. So if we can't have but *one* paper, I should cast my vote for the weekly, but it seems as if we ought to be able to support the two.

Certainly there is no better way or place for undergraduates to develop their literary gifts

than in the pages of their college paper, and if it boasts a literary issue, they ought to feel it worth their while to assist both it and themselves as well by contributing to it liberally.

L. W. D. '91.

The PRELUDE has asked for opinions. Lowell made a mistake in his introduction to Sir Launfal when he said: "'Tis Heaven alone that is given away." He must have forgotten about opinions. The PRELUDE wants an expression of opinions from faculty, undergraduates and alumnæ on the question of what character Wellesley's college paper should assume.

I find it impossible and equally unnecessary to reason the matter out philosophically, but I *feel* more strongly than I can express, an unwillingness to go without the bulletin of news which the columns "Editorials," "College Notes" and "Auld Acquaintance" in the PRELUDE bring me every week. Likewise do I read enthusiastically, proudly, the literary efforts of the weekly and monthly editions, but there is nothing which could replace for me the notes that give me an idea of how life is moving on during the days and weeks at Wellesley: of how things are lovably the same, if somewhat changed: of how the new happenings are bringing the progress in our College which we all long to see. Then the more personal items are often of great assistance as well as interest, and a month would be an atrociously long time to wait for more news.

Perhaps all these sentiments have a "gossipy" tendency but they are at least sincere and like all opinions are free. To you undergraduates who would feel inclined to smile a superior, scornful smile at the application of such words as "hungry, eager, enthusiastic" to the manner of reading the PRELUDE, I would say: "Just wait until you are a grandmotherly, fossilized school-teacher miles and miles from Alma Mater!"

A. S. C. '91.

COLLEGE NOTES.

WEEKLY BULLETIN.

Monday evening, April 18, Concert.

Sunday, April 24, Preaching at 11 a. m., by Rev. Dr. W. J. Ward, Editor of the "Independent."

Monday evening, April 25. Furness Fund lecture by Mr. Locke Richardson.

Rev. G. E. Merrill of Newton, Mass., preached in the chapel last Sunday morning. His text is found in Genesis 3: 8.—"And they heard the voice of the Lord God walking in the garden in the cool of day."

As Thursday, April 7, was Fast Day, a legal holiday in Massachusetts, the College exercises were suspended on that day. The College was invited to worship with the Village church in the morning. In the evening Rev. Wm. J. Batt, Chaplain of the Reformatory Prison at Concord, Mass., made an interesting address on Prison Reforms at Concord.

Tuesday morning, April 5, saw nearly all the girls in their places and everyone seemed to be enthused, by the weather perhaps, with a desire to set to work again. The Spring term is always an especially delightful one, for it brings with it so many rare pleasures, the beautiful weather, Tree Day, Float, Promenade, Commencement, and home again.

Miss Edith Judson, '94 has been detained at home by ill health.

Miss May Lemer '93 has left College for the year on account of ill health.

Miss Mabel Sykes, '91 was at the College last week.

Zeta Alpha held its regular programme meeting last Saturday evening.

Miss Harriet Constantine, '89 spent last Sunday at the College.

The Class of '95 held its first sociable last Saturday evening in the Gymnasuim. As

each girl entered the room she had a piece of paper pinned upon her back. On this paper were written her own name and the name of the character which she was to represent for the evening. She, herself, of course, could not see from this paper who she was to be, and the only hint she got of it was from a quotation or short description of the character written on her dainty little souvenir. Great merriment was caused by some of the guesses made, and with dancing and light refreshments a very pleasant evening was spent.

On the same evening, the Club of '96, whose chairman is Miss Agnes Cook, held a sociable in the rooms of one of their number in College Hall. Although they are few in number, they had a very good time.

On last Sunday evening, Mrs. Gulick spoke in the chapel on the needs of Spain and the work which is being carried on there. She gave a sketch of the religious history of Spain, thus showing in what a dreadful condition the people of that country have been. Twenty-five years ago it was a crime for any Spanish citizen to possess a Bible, but later years have brought liberties. Now the country is open to Protestant workers, but there is the unceasing pressure of Catholicism with its superstitions and idolatries. The best way to help this people seems to be to educate and train the girls and women. Seven years ago, Mr. and Mrs. Gulick went to San Sebastian in Northern Spain. Here they established a Protestant Church, out of which have grown eight or ten others in that part of the country. A school for girls was also started. To-day this school occupies a four-story building, and yearly refuses applicants. Mrs. Gulick, Miss Barber of Mt. Holyoke, and Miss Anna Webb, Wellesley, '82, are the workers. The graduates of this school now pass the examinations of the State Institute for Boys in all subjects excepting *Doctrina*, or the dogmas of the Catholic Church, and they attain to the very highest marks which that Institute gives. But this is not all. They go forth and spread throughout Spain the knowledge they have acquired and the news of Christ, and Him crucified. If we fully realize the dire needs of this country, and the marvellous results to which active work there has attained, the oft-repeated question, "Why should missionaries be sent to Spain?" is entirely needless.

The feelings of disappointment which were experienced in the Autumn when it was known that Lady Henry Somerset could not come to Wellesley, were all banished last Saturday when it was announced that Lady Somerset and Miss Frances E. Willard would be here on that afternoon. They arrived about 4.15 p.m., and were greeted at the centre by cheers and a song by the Glee Club. After they were shown about the building, they addressed the College in the chapel at 4.45 o'clock. Lady Somerset spoke first, and won all hearts by her gracious manner and pleasant words. She told of her desire to see Wellesley, her pleasure in its fulfillment, and the thought which seeing such an institution aroused in her of woman's responsibility. She gave some very interesting bits of personal experience, because she said, she thought such bright revelations as had come to her, might be of service to others. She thought that in every woman there is a desire to make the world better, and here we have an opportunity to shine out with a radiance divine. Miss Willard was then introduced and interested every one with her jokes and bright remarks. She told us something of the great work which Lady Somerset is doing, and of the wide sphere open before the women of to-day. The lilies given to Lady Somerset and the pansies to Miss Willard were but a trifling expression of the gratitude due them for the delightful and inspiring afternoon which they had occasioned.

On Monday evening, April 11th, Prof. Sedgwick, of the Boston Institute of Technology, gave an interesting lecture in the chapel on "The Relation of Science to Modern Life." He said that until the beginning of this century the world of nature had received very little attention in comparison with the world of thought. That while the various virtues and passions of the human mind had been thoroughly discussed by philosophers of all ages, it remained for modern investigation and invention to reveal the mysteries of nature. In regard to the order in which the various sciences should be taken up, it is gratifying to learn that we are pursuing the right method here at Wellesley. Prof. Sedgwick advised that chemistry come first, then physics, then the science of all life-biology, zoology, botany and astronomy following. Children, he said, should not be discouraged in their inquiries about nature, but should be taught the earth, not geology, the stars, not astronomy, animals, not biology. In every way the lecture was delightful as well as instructive.

Musical Art being the general theme for discussion before the Art Society, April ninth, the use of the piano in Stone Hall parlor was kindly granted by Miss Stratton. After the informal chat which generally introduces any evening's entertainment, Miss Durgin opened the program by a thoughtful article on "Music as an Art." She spoke of its important position among all arts, its influence, and its future yet to be. Miss Northey, '92, after this general introduction, traced the history of German Musical Art briefly, and then gave an appreciative sketch of the most famous leaders of the various schools, and their work for the world. As one of the finest examples of German compositions, Miss Whitlock played Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata. Miss Louise Sheldon then read a paper on the Italian School, especially emphasizing the unlimited influence which their system of vocal training has had upon all times and schools. As an illustration of their methods, Miss Sheldon then sang a charming little Italian song. The chain of schools was then taken up by Miss Whitlock in her paper on the French school. Miss Northey followed with a rendering of a Chopin waltz, which was heartily appreciated. "The Famous Virtuosi of the Present Day" was especially interesting, as given by Miss Williams, in concise sketches of several pianists who have lately become familiar to many of us. Paderewski was given much attention, and his dainty "Minuet" afterwards played by Miss Northey was greatly enjoyed. In the short business meeting which followed the closing of the regular program, Prof. Denio reported that Prof. Charles Eliot Norton of Cambridge, who is so well known in art circles, had with thanks accepted the invitation from the Society to become one of its Honorary Members. We trust that this means sometime a personal visit and talk from Prof. Norton, and are happy in that hope.

The scenes from Alice in Wonderland repeated for the benefit of the Shakespeare House by the Society last Monday afternoon, was a decided success both as an entertainment and a financial effort. Peanuts and ice cream were sold, and the hearty laughter of all present at the ridiculous characters testified to the pleasure of the audience. Not the least enjoyable feature of the afternoon was the auction, coming at the end of the play, at which "valuable souvenirs" of the occasion were sold off to the highest bidder.

LITERARY ITEMS.

An account of the life work and a discussion as to the sources of power of Mr. Spurgeon is being prepared by his personal friend and admirer, George C. Lorimer, D. D. The volume will be published by James H. Earle of Boston, and promises much of interest.

Who Lies? Emil Blum and Sigmund B. Alexander, Printed by Arena Publishing Company, Boston.

This book endeavors to show, in eight sections, the glaring faults of our modern civilization. Starting with the interrogation, "Who lies?" the authors endeavor to prove that in the eight main business and professional callings, law, medicine, trade, the ministry, banking, lecturing, politics and editing, it is practically impossible not to lie; that, in other words, success in any of these lines means conscious or unconscious connivance with fraud. As an aside the lie is shown in its working in the home and in charity. But though the sections of the book are cast into semi-dramatic form, the delineation of character seems poor. The various speakers are mere mouthpieces through which the authors deliver their own opinions, and give concrete expression to certain observations supposed to witness the truth of the statement that modern civilization is based on the lie. In short, *Who Lies* gives popular expression to certain well-known facts. From these, combined with others with which the authors have not favored us, are drawn startling conclusions, which, whether true or not, have at least the merit of being interesting.

D. B. E.

EXCHANGES.

In *School and College* James M. Garnett tries to get at *The Significance of the B. A. Degree* in America. After a careful but concise statement of the various courses of study leading to B. A. in Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Johns Hopkins, Cornell, Michigan, Wisconsin, and the University of Virginia, and a comparison of their requirements, he recommends that the name of one's college be written in abbreviated form after the degree, as is done in England and by foreigners who take *Ph. D.* at German Universities. The fact that B. A. has lost its former classical meaning, and has not yet attained unto a new one of any general recognition suggests the adoption of various degrees, B. Ph., B. Let., B. Sc., or the abolition of the idea that a B. A. should know everything.

Charles H. Levermore, Professor of History in the School of Technology, gives some of the faults of *Instruction in History*, and suggests remedies. The increase of interest in the study, the application of the object method, the improvements in text-books and maps are doing much for history. On the other hand, the failure to recognize causation in history, in which respect teachers are too often but blind leaders of the blind; the defective sense of proportion in text-books; the undue emphasis upon Presidents; the absence of correlative study of language and geography; and the practice of stretching the memory over a rack of dates instead of allowing the mind to observe the development of ideas—all these are most serious faults in the present system of teachings.

The Harvard Monthly has a leading article by Barrett Wendall which brings out some neglected characteristcs of *The New England Puritan.* By quotations from Colman, Increase Mather, and especially from Cotton Mather, he brings out the fact that "the subjective life of the Puritans was intensely, passionately ideal, blazing with an emotional enthusiasm, constantly stimulated by the unrecognized impulse of selfish human curiosity"—curiosity to know whether they were of *the elect.* The "God of the Puritans, for all he was a spirit, was a white-bearded spirit, with limbs and passions—'*le pere eternal de l'ecole italienne,*' who had made man in His visible image," and nowhere can one gain so accurate an idea of the traits of the rigid Puritan and of his anthropomorphic God as in Cotton Mather's *Magnolia*, the chief literary monument of New England Puritanism.

AULD ACQUAINTANCE.

The third social meeting of the Chicago Wellesley Club was held on March 26, at the home of Miss Sophy Bogue, and in spite of the unpleasant weather a goodly number were present. Resolutions were passed expressing sympathy with the relatives of Miss Jane T. Bowers, '87-'88, who died at Pasadena, California on March 21.

The friends of Mrs. Mary Ball Morrison, '80, will sympathize with her in the loss of her youngest daughter, Grace, who died of pneumonia in March. The blow is all the more severe coming as it did within less than a year after the death of a son.

If any of the Alumnæ or their friends are contemplating a trip abroad this year, and would like to join a limited party which is to sail May 18, itineraries and full information may be obtained from Florence L. Ellery' '88, 80 Grand street, Albany, N. Y.

Mrs. Almeria Adgate Baily, '87, wishes to correct an item in regard to her, which recently appeared in the PRELUDE, and to state that her present address is Newport News, Virginia.

Mrs. Harriet Scoville Devan, '83, is living in Portland, Maine.

Mrs. Emma Sherburne Eaton, '83, has been spending the winter in Boston. Her address is 34 Hancock street.

Miss Christine Karslake, '90, is teaching in Lockport, N. Y.

Miss Bessie R. Macky, '89, will graduate in June from the Library School in Albany, N. Y.

Dr. Rose D. Howe, '86, is practising in Ridley Park, Pa.

Miss Lulu M. Hutchins, '87-'90, has accepted a position in the Santiago Women's College, Santiago, Chili, an institution of considerable celebrity in South America.

Miss Florence E. Soule, '89, is Supervisor of Music in the public schools in Mankato, Minn., and in addition to this has some work in Greek and Latin in the High School. Miss Alice W. Ayres, '83, has been principal of the High School for the past four years.

BORN.

In Memphis, Tenn., Dec. 15th, a daughter to Mrs. Grace Carlile Smith, student at Wellesley, '78-'79-'85-'86.

In Scranton, Pa., March 4th, a son, William Harold, to Mrs. Anna Broadwell Davidson, '86.

MARRIED.

WORK—WILLCOX—In Akron, Ohio, March 30th, Miss Alice E. Work, student at Wellesley, '87-'89, to Mr. Walter F. Willcox. At home after April 13th, Cascadilla Place, Ithaca, N. Y.

WABAN RIPPLES.

Instructor in Physics. Miss ———, what are the three prominent characteristics of musical sound?

Miss ——— (*in the Classical Course.*) Pitch, intensity and *timber.*

Instructor (*with sarcasm.*) Perhaps you would better mention pitch after timber, since that is the order adopted by nature.

'TIS TRUE, 'TIS PITY.

An Irishman confined in the penitentiary complained that he was never in a place where the *state of society* was worse.

THOSE POOR JUNIORS.

Yes, they are pitiable! Many of them were compelled by their instructor in History II to live upon German Diet all of Fast Day.

A Chinaman was invited by a fellow-countryman to take a drink. He responded, sadly, Wish I could. I can't: belong to the Band of Hope! Can't drink, can't smoke, can't swear: wish I could. I can't! Belong to the Band of Hope!

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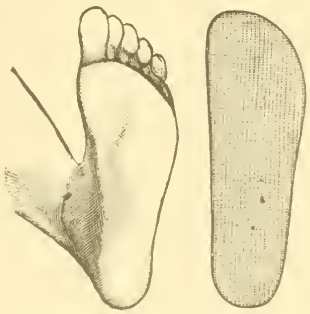

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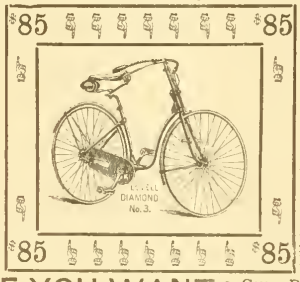

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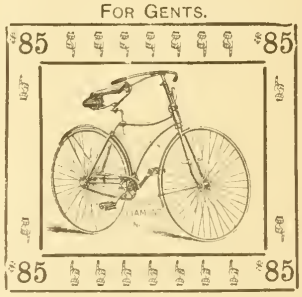

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